

# 832 - He Reigns

PETER FURLER and STEVE TAYLOR

Key: F major - 4/4

PETER FURLER and STEVE TAYLOR

Created for Shoreline Church of Christ by Louis Rivera

INTRO **E<sup>b</sup>** | **B<sup>b</sup>** | **F** | **F**

VERSE 1 **E<sup>b</sup>/F** **B<sup>b</sup>/F** **F** **F**  
It's the | song of the redeemed | rising from the African plain. | |  
**E<sup>b</sup>/F** **B<sup>b</sup>/F** **F** **F**  
It's the | song of the forgiven | drowning out the Amazon rain; | |  
**E<sup>b</sup>/F** **B<sup>b</sup>/F** **F** **F**  
The song of | Asian believers | filled with God's holy fire. | |  
**E<sup>b</sup>/F** **B<sup>b</sup>/F** **F** **F**  
It's every tribe, every | tongue, every nation; a | love song born of a grateful | choir. |

CHORUS **E<sup>b</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **F**  
It's all God's children singing, | "Glory, glory, | hallelujah! He reigns, | He reigns!" |  
**E<sup>b</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **F**  
It's all God's children singing, | "Glory, glory, | hallelujah! He reigns, | He reigns!" |

VERSE 2 Let it rise above the four winds, caught up in the heavenly sound.  
Let praises echo from the towers of cathedrals to the faithful gathered underground.  
Of all the songs sung from the dawn of creation, some were meant to persist.  
Of all the bells rung from a thousand steeples, none rings truer than this:

VERSE 3 **B<sup>b</sup>/F** **E<sup>b</sup>/F** **F** **F**  
And all the | powers of darkness | tremble at what they've just heard, | |  
**B<sup>b</sup>/F** **E<sup>b</sup>/F** **F** **F**  
'Cause all the | powers of darkness | can't drown out a single | word. |

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Original Key: F major - 4/4  
Capo 3: D major

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INTRO      **C**   | **G**   | **D**   | **D**

VERSE 1

	<b>C/D</b>	<b>G/D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
It's the	song of the redeemed	rising from the African plain.		
	<b>C/D</b>	<b>G/D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
It's the	song of the forgiven	drowning out the Amazon rain;		
	<b>C/D</b>	<b>G/D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
The song of	Asian believers	filled with God's holy fire.		
	<b>C/D</b>	<b>G/D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
It's every tribe, every	tongue, every nation; a	love song born of a grateful		choir.

CHORUS

	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
It's all God's children singing,	"Glory, glory,	hallelujah! He reigns,		He reigns!"
	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
It's all God's children singing,	"Glory, glory,	hallelujah! He reigns,		He reigns!"

VERSE 2

Let it rise above the four winds, caught up in the heavenly sound.  
Let praises echo from the towers of cathedrals to the faithful gathered underground.  
Of all the songs sung from the dawn of creation, some were meant to persist.  
Of all the bells rung from a thousand steeples, none rings truer than this:

VERSE 3

	<b>G/D</b>	<b>C/D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
And all the	powers of darkness	tremble at what they've just heard,		
	<b>G/D</b>	<b>C/D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
'Cause all the	powers of darkness	can't drown out a single		word.



